John Lennon

TO KNOW HIM IS TO LOVE HIM

Some Time in New York City

LATE CITY EDITION

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ONO NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT — There are no birds in Viet-Nam —*ACE* — **JOKO PRESS**

John & Yoko/ Plastic Ono Band

With Elephant's Memory

Plus Invisible Strings

SISTERS, O SISTERS

Ono

We lost our green land
We lost our clean air
We lost our true wisdom
And we live in despair.

Sisters, O sisters
Lets stand up right now
It's never too late
To start from the start.

Wisdom, O Wisdom
That's what we ask for
And yes, my dear sisters
We must learn to ask.

Middle 8:

Wisdom, O Wisdom
That's what we ask for
That's what we live for now.

Sisters, O sisters
Let's wake up right on
It's never too late
To shout from our hearts.

Freedom, O Freedom
That's what we fight for
And yes, my dear sisters
We must learn to fight.

Middle 8:

Freedom, O Freedom
That's what we ask for
That's what we live for now.

Sisters, O sisters
Let's give up no more
It's never too late
To build a new world.

New world, O New world
That's what we live for
And yes, my dear sisters
We must learn to live.

Middle 8:

New world, O New world
That's what we live for
That's what we must learn
to build.

New world, O New world
That's what we live for
That's what we must learn
to build.

SHE: "WOMAN IS THE NIGGER OF THE WORLD..."
MARCH 1969 THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

Woman is the Nigger of the World

Lennon/Ono

Woman is the nigger of
the world
Yes she is...think about it
Woman is the nigger of
the world
Think about it...do
something about it.

We make her paint her
face and dance

If she won't be a slave, we
say that she don't love us
If she's real, we say she's
trying to be a man
While putting her down we
pretend that she's above us
Woman is the nigger of the
world...yes she is
If you don't believe me, take a
look at the one you're with
Woman is the slave of
the slaves
Ah, yeh...better scream
about it.
We make her bear and raise
our children
And then we leave her flat for
being a fat old mother hen
We tell her home is the only
place she should be
Then we complain that she's
too unworldly to be
our friend
Woman is the nigger of the
world...yes she is
If you don't believe me, take a
look at the one you're with
Woman is the slave to
the slaves
Yeh (think about it).

We insult her every day on TV
And wonder why she has no
guts or confidence
When she's young we kill her
will to be free
While telling her not to be so
smart we put her down for
being so dumb

Woman is the nigger of
the world
Yes she is...if you don't
believe me, take a look at
the one you're with
Woman is the slave to
the slaves
Yes she is...if you believe me,
you better scream about it.

Repeat:
We make her paint her
face and dance.
We make her paint her
face and dance.
We make her paint her
face and dance.

ANGELA

Lennon/Ono

Angela, they put you in
prison
Angela, they shot down
your man
Angela, you're one of the
millions of political
prisoners in the world.

Sister, there's a wind that
never dies
Sister, we're breathing
together
Sister, our love and hopes
forever keep
on moving oh so slowly
in the world.

Angela, can you hear the
earth is turning?
Angela, the world
watches you.

Angela, you soon will be
returning to your sisters and
brothers of the world.

Sister, you're still a people
teacher
Sister, your word reaches far
Sister, there's a million
different races but we all
share the same future
in the world.

Chorus:
They gave you sunshine
They gave you sea
They gave you everything but
the jailhouse key.
They gave you coffee
They gave you tea
They gave you everything
but equality.

Register to Vote

WE'RE ALL WATER

Ono

There may be not much
difference
Between Chairman Mao and
Richard Nixon
If we strip them naked.

There may be not much
difference
Beween Marilyn Monroe and
Lenny Bruce
If we check their coffins.

There may be not much
difference
Between White House and
Hall of People
If we count their windows.

There may be not much
difference
Between Raquel Welch and
Jerry Rubin
If we hear their heartbeat.

Chorus:
We're all water from
different rivers
That's why it's so easy to meet
We're all water in this vast,
vast ocean
Someday we'll evaporate
together.

There may be not much
difference
Between Eldridge Cleaver and
Queen of England
If we bottle their tears.

There may be not much
difference
Between Manson and the Pope
If we press their smile.

There may be not much
difference
Between Rockefeller and you
If we hear you sing.

There may be not much
difference
Between you and me
If we show our dreams.

Chorus:
We're all water from
different rivers
That's why it's so easy to meet
We're all water in this vast,
vast ocean
Someday we'll evaporate
together.

The entire world is a musical instrument, the pole of the world celestial is intersected where this heavenly chord is divided by the spiritual sun. Earthly music is an echo of this cosmic harmony. It is a relic of heaven—*UNKNOWN*

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John Lennon

UPI

The Luck of the Irish

Lennon/Ono — Nov. 1971

If you had the luck of
the Irish,
You'd be sorry and wish you
were dead.
You should have the luck of
the Irish
And you'd wish you was
English instead!

A thousand years of torture
and hunger
Drove the people away from
their land,
A land full of beauty and
wonder
Was raped by the British
brigands! Goddamn!
Goddamn!

If you could keep voices
like flowers
There'd be shamrock all over
the world.
If you could drink dreams
like Irish streams
Then the world would be high
as the mountain of morn.

In the 'Pool they told us
the story
How the English divided
the land,
Of the pain, the death and
the glory
And the poets of auld
Eireland.

If we could make chains with
the morning dew
The world would be like
Galway Bay.
Let's walk over rainbows
like leprechauns,
The world would be one big
Blarney stone.

Why the hell are the English
there anyway?
As they kill with God on
their side!
Blame it all on the kids and
the IRA!
As the bastards commit
genocide Aye! Aye!
Genocide!

If you had the luck of
the Irish,
You should have the luck of
the Irish
You'd be sorry and wish you
were dead.
And you'd wish you was
English instead!
Yes you'd wish you was
English instead!

SOME TIME IN NEW YORK CITY
Plus
LIVE JAM LP
JOHN & YOKO AND
STAR STUDDED CAST OF THOUSANDS
An additional 12" long player is included inside this album

ATTICA STATE

Lennon/Ono

What a waste of human
power,
What a waste of human lives,
Shoot the prisoners in
the towers,
Forty-three poor widowed
wives.

Media blames it on the
prisoners,
But the prisoners did not kill
"Rockefeller pulled the
trigger,"
That's is what the people feel.

Attica, Attica State, we're all
mates with Attica State.

Free the prisoners, free
the judges,
Free all prisoners everywhere,
All they want is truth
and justice,
All they need is love and care.

They all live in suffocation,
Let's not watch them die
in sorrow,
Now's the time for
revolution,
Give them all a chance
to grow.

Attica State...

Come together join the
movement,
Take a stand for human
rights,
Fear and hatred clouds
our judgment,
Free us all from endless
night.

Attica State...
We're all mates...
We all live in...

Attica, Attica, Attica State.

New York City

Lennon

Standing on the corner
Just me and Yoko Ono
We was waiting for Jerry
to land
Up come a man with a guitar
in his hand
Singing, "Have a marijuana
if you can."
His name was David Peel
And we found that he was
real
He sang, "The Pope smokes
dope every day."
Up come a policeman shoved
us up the street
Singing, "Power to the
people today!"

NYC...NYC...NYC...
Que pasa, New York? Que
pasa, New York?

Well we went to Max's
Kansas City
Got down the nitty gritty
With the Elephants Memory
Band
Laid something down
As the news spread around
About the Plastic Ono
Elephants Memory Band!
Well we played some funky
boogie
And laid some tutti frutti
Singing, "Long Tall Sally's
a man."
Up come a preacherman
trying to be a teacher
Singing, "God's a red herring
in drag!"

NYC...NYC...NYC...
Que pasa, New York? Que
pasa, New York?
Well we did the Staten
Island Ferry
Making movies for the telly
Played the Fillmore and
Apollo for freedom.
Tried to shake our image
Just a cycling through
the Village
But found that we had left it
back in London.
Well nobody came to bug us,
Hustle us or shove us
So we decided to make it
our home
If the Man wants to shove
us out
We gonna jump and shout
The Statue of Liberty said,
"Come!"

NYC...NYC...NYC...
Que pasa, New York? Que
pasa, New York?

NYC Down in the Village
What a bad-ass city!
Que pasa, New York? Que
pasa, New York?

Don't think they didn't know about Hitler.

JOHN SINCLAIR

Lennon

It ain't fair, John Sinclair
In the stir for breathing air
Won't you care for
John Sinclair?
In the stir for breathing air.
Let him be, set him free
Let him be like you and me.

They gave him ten for two
What else can the judges do?
Gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta,
gotta, gotta

gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta,
gotta, gotta, gotta
Gotta, gotta set him free.

If he'd been a soldier man
Shooting gooks in Vietnam
If he was the CIA
Selling dope and making hay
He'd be free, they'd let
him be
Breathing air, like you
and me.

They gave him ten for two
What more can the judges do?
Gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta,
gotta, gotta

gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta,
gotta, gotta, gotta
Gotta, gotta set him free.

Was he jailed for what
he done?

Representing everyone
Free John now, if we can
From the clutches of the man
Let him free, lift the lid
Bring him to his wife and kids.

They gave him ten for two
What more can the
bastards do?
Gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta
gotta, gotta
gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta,
gotta, gotta, gotta
Gotta, gotta set him free.

BORN IN A PRISON

Ono

We're born in a prison,
Raised in a prison,
Sent to a prison called school.

We cry in a prison,
We love in a prison,
We dream in a prison
like fools.

Chorus:
Wood becomes a flute when
it's loved,
Reach for yourself and your
battered mates.
Mirror becomes a razor when
it's broken,
Look in the mirror and see
your shattered fate.

We live with no reason,
Kicked around for no reason,
Thrown out without reason
like tools.

We work in a prison
And hate in a prison
And die in a prison as a rule.

Chorus:
Wood becomes a flute when
it's loved,
Reach for yourself and your
battered mates.
Mirror becomes a razor when
it's broken,
Look in the mirror and see
your shattered fate.

We live in a prison
Among judges and wardens
And wait for no reason or use
We laugh in a prison,
Go through all four seasons,
And die with no vision
of truth.

Chorus:
Wood becomes a flute when
it's loved,
Reach for yourself and your
battered mates.
Mirror becomes a razor when
it's broken,
Look in the mirror and see
your shattered fate.

UPI

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

Lennon/Ono — Feb. 1972

Well it was Sunday
bloody Sunday
When they shot the
people there
The crys of thirteen martyrs
Filled the Free Derry air.
Is there any one amongst you
Dare to blame it on the kids?
Not a soldier boy was
bleeding
When they nailed the
coffin lids!

Sunday bloody Sunday
Bloody Sunday's the day!

You claim to be majority
Well you know that it's a lie
You're really a minority
On this sweet emerald isle.
When Stormont bans
our marches
They've got a lot to learn
Internment is no answer
It's those mothers' turn
to burn!

Sunday bloody Sunday
Bloody Sunday's the day!

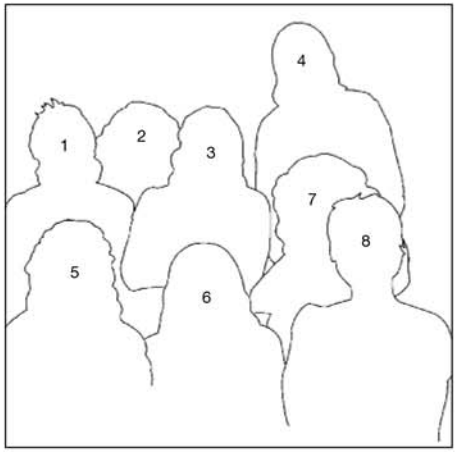
You anglo pigs and scotties
Sent to colonize the North
You wave your bloody
Union Jacks
And you know what it's
worth!
How dare you hold to ransom
A people proud and free
Keep Ireland for the Irish
Put the English back to sea!

Sunday bloody Sunday
Bloody Sunday's the day!

Yes it's always bloody Sunday
In the concentration camps
Keep Falls Road free forever
From the bloody English
hands
Repatriate to Britain
All of you who call it home
Leave Ireland to the Irish
Not for London or for Rome!

Sunday bloody Sunday
Bloody Sunday's the day!

This album was completed on March 20, 1972, our third wedding anniversary.



Early in their partnership John Lennon and Yoko Ono, had a brilliant insight. Since everything they did, whether personal or artistic, seemed to be causing a media frenzy, why not use that space to positive effect? If they got married, or arrested, or held an art show, or made a collaborative album, it was headline news. What would happen if the Lennons lent all their notoriety to the simplest – yet most vital – message of all?

One spectacular result of this new strategy was their single, 'Give Peace A Chance'. Recorded during their "Bed-In" at Montreal in 1969, it combined John's gift for a chorus that could hook the world, with Yoko's insight that our hyper-media culture was an ideal platform for performance art.

John Lennon

Soon his musical output bounced between the overtly universal 'Give Peace A Chance' and the personal soul-searching of his solo debut *John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band*. His most successful album, *Imagine*, had elements of both. Through it all, a talent he recognised in himself was his knack for a big, instant anthem. In the lineage of 'All You Need Is Love' were other classics of unashamed sloganeering like 'Power To The People' and 'Happy Xmas (War Is Over)'. They satisfied an artistic craving, too, for what songwriter would not love to match the moral resonance of 'We Shall Overcome', or the perennial popularity of 'White Christmas'?

Famously impatient, John had yet another itch to scratch. He wanted to write, record and issue his records in a heartbeat. He nearly did it, too, with the marvellous 'Instant Karma!', which he'd sent from his imagination to the record stores within two weeks. And now, in February 1972, he found himself a resident of Greenwich Village, right in the creative heart of the most dynamic city on earth. He'd hooked up with a radical bar-band called Elephant's Memory, whose funky swagger suited John's new mood. *Some Time In New York City* is the album they made together: it's a world away from the studio-crafted art-rock of the Sgt. Pepper era five years earlier; this is fast, reactive, rough-and-ready music, to be released in all its imperfections, as hurriedly as a daily newspaper.

Barely six months earlier, John and Yoko still lived in the gracious seclusion of Tittenhurst Park, outside London. They had moved to New York, in part, to further Yoko's quest for custody of her daughter Kyoko. In the event, continued squabbling with the US immigration authorities made it risky to leave the country, and their stay assumed a permanent look. That was fine by John, who took to the gritty downtown scene with gusto, mixing at his Bank Street apartment with Yippies, Black Panthers and street musicians. For the first time since Liverpool Art School, John was revelling in bohemian life, an escapee from suburbia. New York, he marvelled, was a latterday Rome, the cultural hub of the known world. At the same time, beneath the glitz it was a little like Liverpool – another streetwise seaport where Lennon's salty wit was right at home.

In March 1972, the album was recorded. Phil Spector co-produced once more, at least at the final mixing stage, while Elephant's Memory were augmented by the renowned drummer Jim Keltner. A feature of the new sound was the saxophone playing of Stan

Plastic Ono Mothers, 1971

John Lennon

((1970))

Bronstein, heard to blistering effect on the lead single, 'Woman Is The Nigger Of The World'. The title was inevitably controversial and scarcely encouraged much radio exposure, but it came from a phrase coined by Yoko that struck a chord with John – a man emerging, so he felt, from his inherited assumptions of male entitlement.

Indeed, Yoko's influence becomes apparent throughout *Some Time In New York City*, their first jointly-credited album since the "avant garde" trilogy of the late 1960s. In a manner that pre-figures *Double Fantasy* and *Milk And Honey*, the couple juxtapose songs written from their respective corners. Once John has bellowed that 'Woman Is The Nigger Of The World', for example, Yoko establishes an authentic feminine presence in 'Sisters, O Sisters', her personal address to other women. Interestingly, the songs across the album tend to present John as the protestor, reacting to outrages, and Yoko as the more philosophical voice, imagining a better way.

Such of course had been the very point of 'Imagine', another song born from an Ono aphorism. In the next pairing of tracks, John describes the atrocious prison killings of 'Attica State' (a brutally-suppressed riot in September 1971) to which Yoko responds

with the plaintive 'Born In A Prison': her poetic metaphors are a telling counterpoint to her husband's angry literalism.

But there was plenty for the Lennons to feel angry about. 'Sunday Bloody Sunday' and 'Luck Of The Irish' report an especially bitter period in Northern Irish history. John, given his Liverpool-Irish heritage, was swift to attach his name to the anti-colonial cause. 'John Sinclair' and 'Angela' respond to some individual cases, the former of the radical writer and rock manager, incarcerated on a grotesquely-inflated drugs charge, and then of the black radical Angela Davis, accused of complicity in a shoot-out.

The deficiency in "headline news" songs, of course, is that every day brings new headlines to replace them. For all their honest rage and historical interest, some of the topical songs have dated less well than the more general numbers. 'New York City', especially, is the great overlooked Lennon rocker, bursting with all the energy that he was absorbing from his new environment. And at the end there is Yoko's upbeat and witty boogie, 'We're All Water', affirming our common human spirit. It's as if to answer a cynical enquiry about the preceding numbers: Why should we care?

The album faced a difficult reception on its release in 1972. A bonus disc of live tracks, some from the London Lyceum in 1969 and others from a guest appearance with Frank Zappa in New York, 1971, hardly enhanced the commercial appeal – although the delightful cover of The Olympics' 'Well (Baby Please Don't Go)' is a hidden gem in Lennon's solo catalogue. John had clearly been energised by New York, but his particular ambition – to write polemical songs inspired by the events of the moment – proved trickier than expected. Three or four centuries earlier, the troubadours of urban England had taken precisely the same approach. But they were not ex-Beatles, expected to lead the whole planet in a communal singalong.

Yoko reminisced: "We were two rebels and were quite proud of it. For this album, we were Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill of the 70s, in our minds."

Discouraged, but not defeated. John and Yoko considered their next moves. Her recording career, in fact, was shaping up rather well. For his own part, John had some serious mind games still to play...

John Lennon

(1970)

John Lennon

John and Yoko/Plastic Ono Band with Elephant's Memory and Invisible Strings. Produced by John and Yoko and Phil Spector. Arrangement: John and Yoko. String Orchestration: Ron Frangipane. Engineers: Roy Cicala/ Danny Turbeville. Sleeve Concept: John & Yoko, realized by Al Steckler. Sleeve Design: Michael Gross. Cover Illustration: Toshio Saeki. Photography: Bob Gruen, Joe Sia. Performers: John: vocal, guitar & national. Yoko: vocal, drums. Jim Keltner: drums & percussion. Elephant's Memory: Stan Bronstein: sax, flute. Richard Frank Jr. drums, percussion. Gary Van Scyoc: bass. Adam Ippolito: piano, organ. Wayne (Tex) Gabriel: guitar. John La Bosca: piano (Born In A Prison)

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Live Jam

John & Yoko/Plastic Ono Band with The Mothers of Invention: and star studded cast of thousands!!

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Remaster Project Production
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Project Co-ordinator: Allan Rouse.
Remaster Engineers: Paul Hicks, Sean Magee. Audio Restoration: Simon Gibson. Remastered at Abbey Road Studios, London, England, 2010

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John Lennon

((1970))

John Lennon

JOHN and Yoko
Presents..... 'live jam'

THE MOTHERS

Fillmore East - June 1971

PLASTIC ONO BAND!

& John and Yoko with

LYCEUM LONDON Dec 1969.

11